

CHANDAMAMA

FEBRUARY 1971

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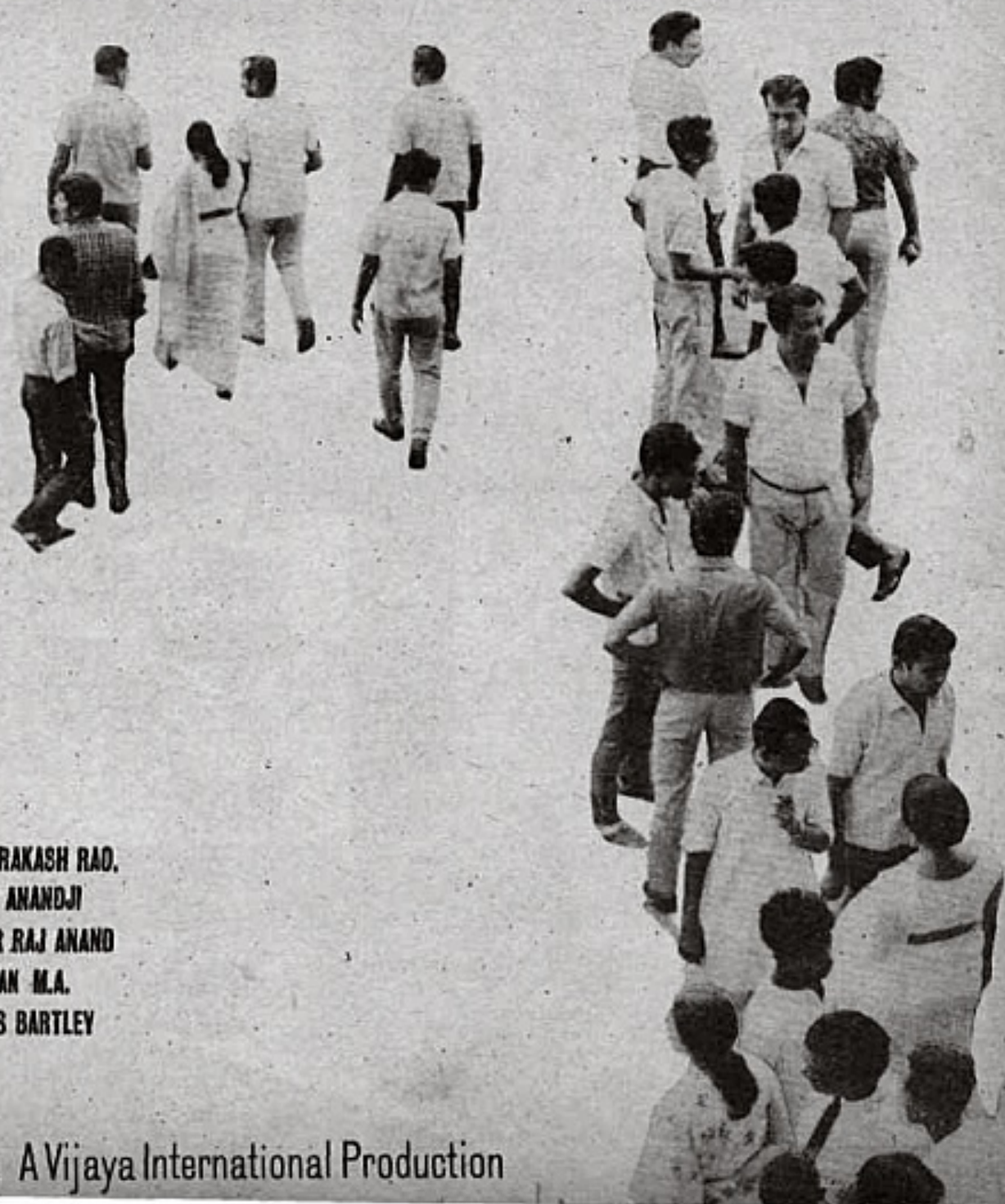
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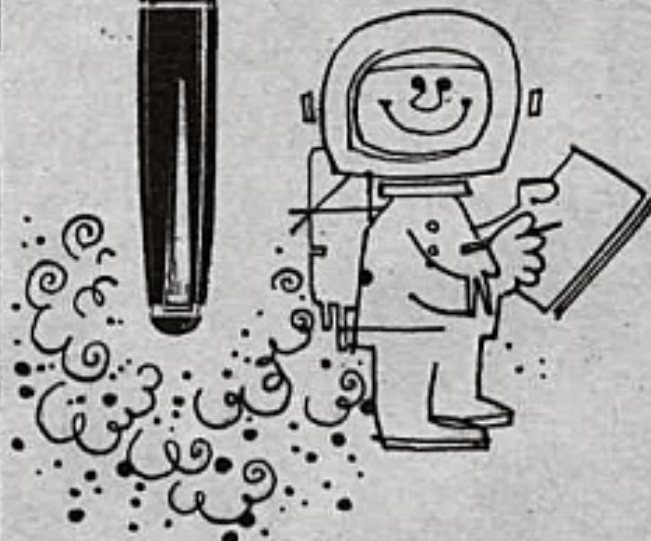


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Mythology is full of mysteries. Strange gods sprang from the imaginations of superstitious people of ancient times. Many of these legends have lived on through the centuries. We will tell you some of these stories. The first one appears in this issue, and it is a very ancient legend from Japan, entitled, 'Susanoo and the Eight-Headed Serpent'.

Since this magazine started, we have received countless letters from readers, many containing good suggestions. Unfortunately, it is not possible to acknowledge each letter, but we are interested in what readers have to say, and in future issues of Chandamama, you will find splendid new features. But do continue to write, because we like to hear from you.

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FEBRUARY 1971

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LEGENDS OF MANY LANDS

SUSANOO AND THE EIGHT-HEADED SERPENT!

An old man and an old woman were crying beside a girl, in ancient Japan. Suddenly, they saw a finely dressed young man standing beside them.

"Why are you crying?" asked the young man.

Brushing his tears aside, the old man explained. "I had eight daughters," he said. "Every year, a snake with eight heads has come from the Kashi district and eaten one of my daughters. Seven have already been eaten, and now the snake is coming to devour the last. What am I to do? I am too frail to slay the snake myself!"

The young man drew himself up proudly. "I am Susanoo, the god of the sea," he announced, "lately come from heaven. I will save your daughter."

Susanoo asked the old parents to give him the girl, and they gladly agreed. Tales of ancient Japanese mythology tell us that Susanoo changed the girl into a comb which he stuck into his

hair.

Then he got some rice wine and poured it into eight bowls which he placed on the ground. As soon as the terrifying snake appeared, it smelt the scent of the wine and each head made for one of the bowls. When the monster was sleepily drunk, Susanoo drew his sword and killed it.

Freed from this scourge, the old parents were overjoyed and watched in wonder as Susanoo took the comb from his hair and returned their daughter to human form.

He asked her to become his wife and built her a wonderful palace at Suga. They had a son who was born the god O-Kuni-Nushi, the god of medicine connected with sorcery.

Before this incident, Susanoo went up to heaven to see his elder sister, the sun goddess. But Susanoo shook the mountains and rivers and made the earth quake so terribly, that the

sun goddess armed herself with a bow and a quiver of arrows and kept her finger ready on the string while he was with her.

"Why have you come?" she asked.

"I have no evil intent," replied Susanoo. "I have come simply to say goodbye before going to my mother in a distant land."

The sun goddess must have



been doubtful, for she asked Susanoo to give proof of his goodwill. So, he proposed that they should each create children.

At this, the sun goddess took Susanoo's sword and broke it in three pieces. After chewing the pieces, she blew a light mist from her mouth which gave birth to three goddesses.

Seeing that his sister was wearing five strings of jewels, Susanoo asked for these, cracked them between his teeth, blew a light mist from his mouth and gave birth to five gods.

The sun goddess declared that they were her children because they had been created from the jewels she was wearing.

Susanoo's success over this achievement turned his head. He rampaged over the land, destroying the rice fields, filling in irrigation ditches and damaging the temples.

Although the sun goddess tried to make excuses for her brother's misdeeds, he did not stop. One day when she was weaving the god's clothes in the sacred house, Susanoo made a hole in the roof. This caused such a disturbance that one of the weaving women pricked her-

self with a needle and fell dead.

So terrified was the sun-goddess, that she hid in a rocky cave in heaven and blocked the entrance with a boulder, plunging the world into darkness.

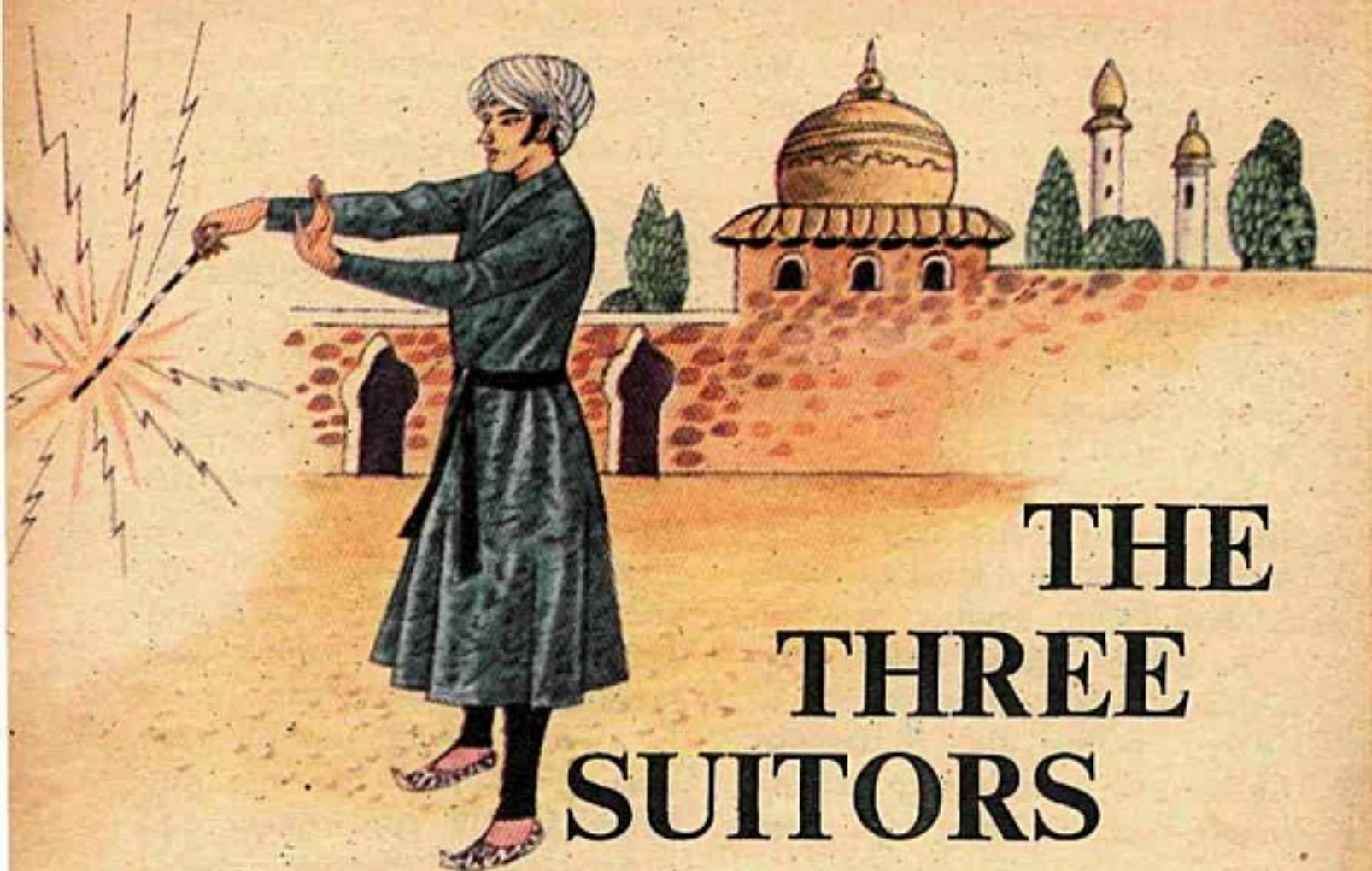
The wicked gods were delighted by the darkness which covered the earth, but the good gods were worried. Various ruses were tried to get the sun goddess to come out of the cave. None of them worked until a goddess decked herself out with different plants and began to dance on a tub.

Eight hundred myriads of gods roared with laughter when they saw her. Wondering at the cause of this, the sun goddess looked out of the cave and saw her own reflection in a large mirror which had been set up.

Interested by the reflection, she came a little way out of the cave. Suddenly, she was seized by the god of force, who had hidden himself close by, and made to come out completely.

A rope was stretched in front of the cave to prevent the sun goddess from going back into it.

Once more, the world was lit by sunshine... and Susanoo was banished from heaven for his misdeeds.



THE THREE SUITORS

A long, long time ago in the ancient Indian province of Bengal there lived a famous Governor. He was a very happy man, for he had a charming wife, and a very clever son to follow in his footsteps.

Indeed, the Governor's only worry was his daughter, Soma. According to the custom of the land, her family must choose a man for her to marry, but she was not an easy girl to please.

One day Soma went to her father and said, "I have

decided I should like to marry a magician. He must be a very clever man who can create anything that my heart desires."

The Governor wondered where he could find such a man, but because he loved his daughter so much, he promised to do all he could.

Then Soma went to her mother and said, "I can only marry a very wise man. He must be able to see into the future, into the far corners of the world and into the hearts

of people." Soma's mother was a good woman and she promised to pray that she might find such a man.

Finally, Soma went to her brother and said, "I will only marry a great hero. He must be the bravest man alive so he can protect me, and he must be so famous that all other women will envy me."

Soma's brother loved his sister dearly, and vowed he would not stop searching until he had found such a man.

A few days later the Governor was summoned to appear before the Sultan of Delhi. As he was preparing to make the journey, he was

approached by a young magician who said he was anxious to marry his daughter.

"Show me something of your magic powers," said the Governor. "But be quick, for I have a long journey before me."

"It is possible for me to shorten all journeys," said the young magician, and with a wave of his wand he changed the Governor's litter into a gleaming gold coach with wings. He helped the startled Governor climb aboard, and then mounted the coachman's seat. In a twinkling the carriage was soaring up into the sky and flying swiftly over fields and rivers. A few minutes later it landed on the lawn of the Sultan's palace.

"A marvel. I can't believe it," cried the Governor in delight. "Come to my house on the first day of next month and you shall marry my daughter."

At the same time as this was happening, a famous hero had stopped Soma's brother and begged him for his sister's hand.

"There is no man that I cannot defeat," the Hero said. "I fight for justice and love. My sword has beaten whole





regiments of our country's enemies."

To prove that he was telling the truth, the Hero fought the Governor's entire bodyguard. His sword spun round at the speed of light and all the guards were soon running off into the distance.

"You are indeed the man to win my sister's heart," the happy brother said. "Come to our house on the first day of next month and the wedding will take place."

The very same day, as Soma's

mother was in the market place, a young man with sad eyes and wearing a long white robe covered with mystic signs, came up to her.

"I am a wise man and a prophet," he said. "I know you are looking for a man such as I to marry your daughter."

"How could you know?" asked the mother in astonishment. "I have told no one about it."

"I can read the hearts of people like a book before my

eyes," said the Wise Man.

"That you have proven to me without doubt," said the mother. "You must come to our house on the first day of next month and the wedding shall take place."

On the first day of the next month, all three suitors, wearing their best clothes, arrived at the bride's house. When they saw each other and found out that they were all supposed to marry Soma, they became very angry. Soma's parents and brother shouted at one another, too, and the servants ran among them to hear as much of the quarrel as possible. Soon half the people in the city had heard of the tale and were gossiping about the three suitors.

At last, in desperation, the Governor went to fetch his daughter so she could choose for herself, but the window of her room was wide open and she had disappeared.

The Governor ran to the three suitors and asked them what he should do, for without a bride there could be no wedding.

After a moment's thought the Wise Man said, "She has been carried away by the wicked dragon Rasikin. His cave is

many days' journey from here and it is impossible to reach at this time of the year."

"With my magic I will shorten the journey," cried the Magician. He mumbled some words, waved his wand and in a flash a grey war chariot stood before them.

Soma's father, and the three suitors climbed in and soon they were flying high above the ground.

An hour later they came to some mountains and suddenly the Wise Man cried, "There is the dragon's cave." They glided gently down to the earth and landed by the entrance to the cave.

Snorting and blowing out smoke, the dragon rushed at them. The Wise Man and the Magician ran to hide behind a rock, but the Hero, his sword gleaming in his hand, advanced towards the beast. A terrible fight began. For three days and nights, up and down the valley, the Hero and the beast fought, until at last, with a blow of his sword, the Hero cut off Rasikin's head and the dragon lay lifeless on the ground.

Then Soma, her father and the three suitors climbed into

the chariot again and flew home. Try as she might, however, Soma could not make up her mind which one to marry. In despair her father suggested they ask the most learned judge in India to decide.

The judge listened carefully to the stories of the three suitors and then he gave his verdict. "Soma must marry the Hero," he said.

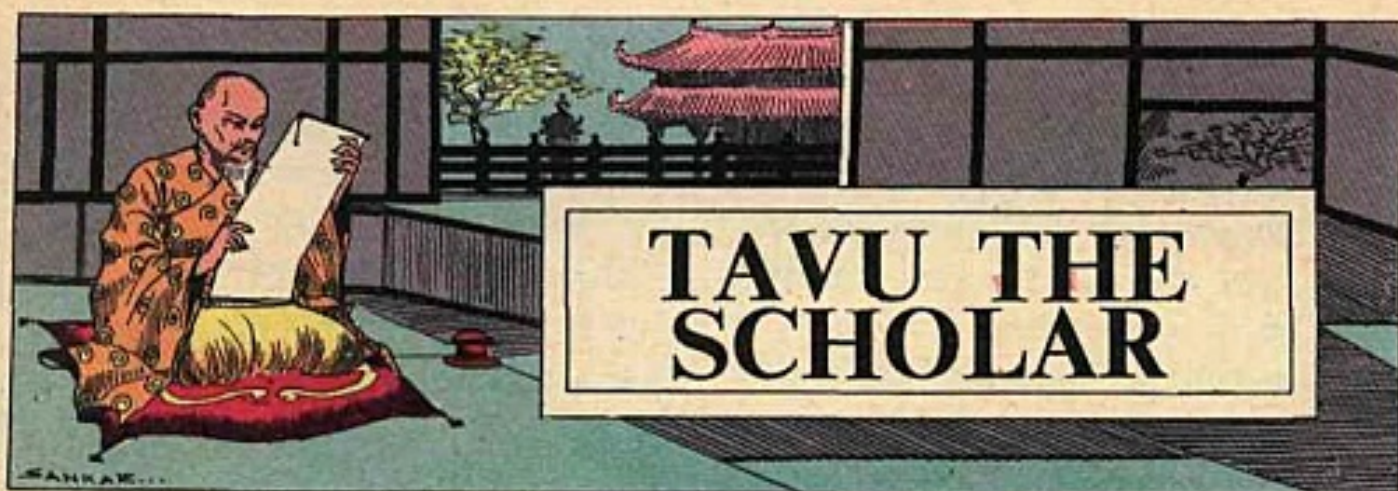
The other two suitors immediately protested. "If it had not been for me," said the Wise Man, "we would never have found her."

"It was only because of my magic," the Magician cried, "that we were able to get to her in time and save her life."

"That is true," said the judge, "but the Hero won her with his brave heart. You two, like his sword, merely helped."

The advice was good, for Soma and her Hero lived a long and happy life for ever after





TAVU THE SCHOLAR

Two thousand seven hundred years ago, there lived in China a famous scholar. His name was So Po Tavu, and although his knowledge was vast, there was little or no demand for his services, so his years were spent in poverty.

Many of his friends begged him to go to the Province of Chu, whose ruler was not only a great patron of learning, but was himself a great scholar. At last Tavu was persuaded and he set off, with little in the way of warm clothing and even less money.

The journey was long and terribly hard through mountain passes well above the snow line. As the depth of winter was fast approaching, Tavu now tired and weak, decided to rest for a few days at a mountain village.

He was given shelter at the

house of a young man named Ayee Chiyavu. To his surprise, Tavu discovered that his youthful host was a man of considerable learning, and they soon found much in common.

For hours the two scholars would sit and lament on the poor state of learning in China at that time. In the end Ayee Chiyavu agreed to accompany Tavu to the Province of Chu, where they knew the great Kwan ruler would welcome them with open arms.

The two scholars wended their way over the mountains, oblivious to time in their never-ending discussions, but before many days had passed, they encountered severe blizzards and bitter cold. Tavu, on account of his age, found breathing difficult in the rarefied atmosphere, and then with his feet and hands badly frostbitten,



he could walk no further.

Luckily they found a small cave in the hillside, which at least gave them shelter from the snow laden winds. But Tavu felt that his end was near. "Ayee my friend," he said, "I am near the end of life's journey. If you stay with me, we shall both perish of the cold. I am old and can lie down and die in peace, but you are young

with years of life ahead of you, so please, I beg of you, leave me."

Ayee's eyes moistened at his friend's words, but he merely shrugged his shoulders. "Dear Tavu, how can I leave you? By to-morrow you will be feeling much better."

That night, as Ayee slept, Tavu lying awake, realised that Ayee would stay with him and



endanger his own life. So Tavu decided to make it easy for Ayee.

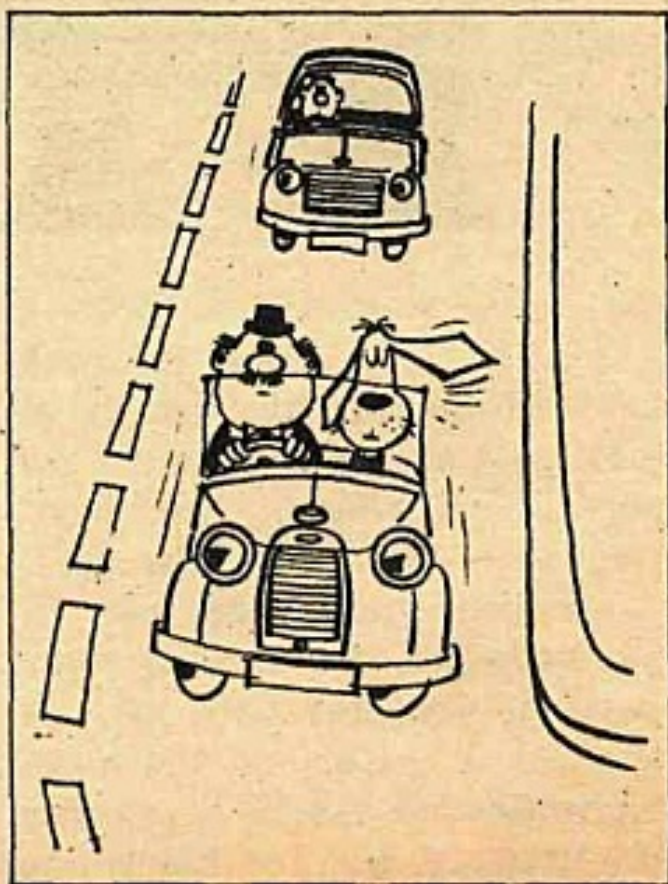
Divesting himself of his warm clothing, which he neatly folded and put by the side of his sleeping friend, Tavu managed to totter out of the cave to his certain death.

The next morning Ayee awoke to find that his friend had gone. He was overcome with grief at Tavu's sacrifice. He searched unsuccessfully for Tavu's body in the snow, and then carefully marking the spot of their last night together, resumed the journey to the Province of Chu.

When at last he reached his destination, the great Kwan, recognizing the importance of this learned young man, offered him a post in his court.

Ayee told the Kwan of his long journey with Tavu, and

the circumstances of Tavu's noble sacrifice. The Kwan immediately sent out a search party to find the body of Tavu, and when it was found, the Kwan erected a marble mausoleum at the scene of the tragedy in honour of the dead scholar.



STORY FROM GERMANY

THE BRAVE LITTLE MAN

Once there lived a little man named Spiro. Although he was very small, he was also very clever and very brave and one day he decided it was time he set out to see the world.

As night fell, Spiro found himself in a thick wood and, deciding that it was too dark to see where he was going, he lay down on the ground to sleep.

He slept deeply and as he slept he snored, making a curious sound, rather like a large mosquito.

It so happened that a great lord was also passing through the wood, on a hunting trip. He happened to pause near Spiro and hearing the strange noise he looked around to see where it was coming from. To his amazement, there, at his feet, was the smallest man he had ever seen.



The lord gave a bellow of laughter but Spiro, who was a deep sleeper, slept on. "What are you doing here little frog?" the lord called out. "Why are you in the middle of the wood at night? Aren't you afraid?"

Spiro, however, answered not a word. He just slept on. Then the lord called his followers over and pointed to the little man asleep at his feet.

"Take your guns and give him a good salute. That should



wake him," he said.

The men were amused and they lifted their guns and fired altogether. At the noise, the little finger on Spiro's left hand began to twitch, but the little man remained fast asleep.

A second time the huntsmen fired their guns and this time Spiro's right foot moved, but still he did not wake.

"Fire again," ordered the lord and this time Spiro jumped violently, leapt to his

feet and bellowed at the top of his voice, "Do you wish me to give you a box on the ears, wretched man?"

The lord looked down at the furious Spiro and was so amused at such a little man who had such great courage, that he began to roar with laughter. He laughed and laughed.

At last he said, "Tell me, little man, with what grasshopper do you intend to fight?"

"Do not talk to me of grass-



hoppers," bellowed Spiro. "Find me, rather, a bear. If I vanquish him, all well and good. You can have me for a son-in-law".

The lord laughed even more at this. "Done," he roared. "Defeat a bear and you shall marry my daughter."

When dawn rose, Spiro awoke to see a huge black bear coming through the trees towards him. When it saw the huntsmen, however, the bear turned and fled.

Spiro filled his pockets with small stones and set off to follow the bear. At last he found it, asleep on the ground near a hay-loft. From the shelter of a bush, Spiro threw a stone at it and the bear woke up. Spiro threw a second stone and the bear began to growl. Spiro threw another stone and the bear rose on to its hind legs in a terrible fury and stretched out its paws to seize Spiro.

The little man ran for his life into the hay-loft, but he hurled himself down just on the threshold and the bear, which was chasing him, leapt right over him and landed inside. Without wasting any time, Spiro ran outside and slammed the door shut so that the bear was



trapped inside.

Then Spiro went back to the lord and told him that the bear was a prisoner in the hay-loft.

"How did you do it?" asked the lord amazed.

"Never you mind," retorted Spiro. "But I will tell you that I received no injury at all. I

just took him by the ear and hurled him to the ground."

The lord, however, refused to marry Spiro to his daughter until he had defeated a band of brigands who were living in the wood, so Spiro, his pockets filled with small stones, set out once again.

He climbed a tree by the brigands' hide-out and at midnight they all returned and sat down to eat and drink. Then the brigand leader took off his hat. "There are fleas making my head itch. Drive them away," he said to one of his men.

At this, Spiro let a stone fall on his head and then another and another, until the brigand chief jumped to his feet and gave his companion a mighty box on the ears.

The man fell over backwards. "I did nothing," he cried, but the brigand leader continued to beat him and at last the robber called to all the others for help. There was soon a great battle taking place and it ended only when all the brigands lay dead or wounded on the ground.

Spiro climbed down from the tree and went to tell the lord that all the brigands were defeated. The lord, amazed, wanted to know how he had done it, but Spiro replied, "That is none of your business, but I will say that I suffered no injury. I just hurled one to the ground, gave another a box on the ears and so on, until they were all defeated. There was nothing to it."

However, the lord still

refused to keep his promise. "You may marry my daughter only if you drive away the soldiers who are invading my land," he said.

Spiro asked for a suit of pure white and a white horse and the lord gave them to him. Spiro jumped on the horse and rode like the wind, all alone, towards the enemy soldiers.

When the soldiers saw him coming towards them, a tiny figure in pure white, riding a snowy white horse, they thought



he was a ghost or a magic spirit and they began to feel afraid. Spiro never slackened his pace as he neared them and they were sure he was a bad omen. They turned and fled, as fast as their legs could carry them.

Spiro just stood grinning, as the soldiers scampered in confusion towards the safety of the hills. Even when they were no more than silhouettes, far in the distance, their cries for help could still be heard.

First, Spiro had conquered the huge black bear, then he had outwitted the robbers and now he had fooled an entire enemy army.

Spiro turned his horse round and rode back to tell the lord that the enemy army was vanquished. The lord was amazed, but he was pleased too. Now there was nothing he could do but give his daughter to Spiro in marriage and they lived happily together for many, many years.





DIAMONDS FOR LUNCH

It was a public holiday, and all the villagers were sitting in the shade of the temple courtyard, laughing and joking.

Then who should come along, but the village money lender who was greeted with a mixture of dirty looks and half-hearted smiles. Puffing out his chest, the money lender explained in a loud voice. "My friends, to-day a great honour has been bestowed upon me."

"Ah! our friend has been elected to parliament," said the village wag.

The money lender was not to be put off. "This morning the Zamindar sent for me and spent all the morning discussing his affairs with me."

Now this particular Zamindar was a pompous and greedy

individual who would never deign to speak to the ordinary village folk.

One of the villagers, laughed in the money lender's face. "What rot you talk. Why, I cannot only go to the Zamindar's house to talk, but I can have lunch with him."

The money lender was furious. "I will wager anything you like, that the Zamindar would never ask a villager such as you, to sit at his table."

"A Bet! A bet!!" shouted everyone. Then after a lot of discussion, the wager was fixed, that if the villager sat down to lunch with the Zamindar, the money lender would have to give him a pair of prize bullocks. But if the money lender won, then the villager would have to plough the money lender's

land for three years without payment.

The next day the villager could be seen proudly walking up to the door of the Zamindar's house, with an ornate jewel box underneath his arm.

"Your honour," he said to the Zamindar as soon as he was ushered into his presence. "You are famous for your knowledge on diamonds and their value."

"Yes, yes" the Zamindar nodded his head in assent, greedily eyeing the jewel case in the villager's hand.

"Then Sir," continued the villager, "Can you tell me how much a diamond the size of an egg, is worth?"

The Zamindar was bubbling over with excitement. I can easily cheat this bumpkin into parting with his egg-sized diamond. In his mind he could already feel the glowing lines of the diamond in his oily palms.

"My friend," said the Zamindar rubbing his hands in anticipation. "Let us have lunch first, then afterwards we can sit and discuss the value of such a diamond."

And what a lunch! The villager had never seen such sump-

tuous dishes, and he thoroughly enjoyed every course, even the costly wines the Zamindar pressed on him. When all the dishes were empty, the Zamindar was impatient to get his hands on this diamond, which by now had grown enormously in his mind.

Pointing to the jewel box, the Zamindar said. "Come my friend, now let me look at the diamond, and being a generous man, I will buy it from you."

"But I have no diamond," replied the villager very meekly. "Villagers like me do not have small diamonds, let alone diamonds the size of eggs. You see, we were talking in the temple courtyard about jewels, and we wondered how much an egg-sized diamond was worth. And as you are an expert, I came to ask you."

On hearing this the Zamindar was speechless with rage and virtually frothing at the mouth. But before he could utter a word, our worthy villager quietly slipped out of the house.

Having won a pair of prize bullocks, and had a good lunch at the Zamindar's expense, the mere mention of the word diamond, would make him laugh.



THE VILLAGE HEADMAN

The village headman was certainly a brainless individual. A peasant came to him one day and complained. "Sir, the village sacred bull has strayed into my corn field. It will ruin my crop, so please do something about it."

"Do not worry man," the headman quietly reassured the peasant. "I will send a man to drive away the bull."

"But Sir," objected the peasant, "The man you send will probably trample my ripe corn into the ground."

"I will prevent that," declared the headman, with a knowing smile. "I shall have the man carried into your corn field on the shoulders of two other men."

The peasant went home scratching his head, somewhat bewildered.

Another time, a deputation of the villagers called on the headman and pointed out that the temple of Lord Shiva was in danger, as the water of a nearby tank had overflowed and was already lapping against the temple walls.

The headman had a ready answer for such an easy problem. Telling the villagers not to worry, he explained that he would arrange to have the temple moved to higher ground that very day.

As soon as the villagers had departed he sent for one hundred workmen and marched at

their head to the temple. When they arrived at the temple, the headman told them that when he gave the word, they were all to push against the wall of the temple and move the whole building back a few feet.

Before they started to push, the headman ran round to the back of the temple and estimated that if they pushed the building back ten feet, it would do. So he measured the ten feet, and put his ornate turban on the ground to mark the spot. Then back he went to start his workmen at pushing the building.

They pushed, and they pushed, till they were covered in perspiration. And the headman sat on a nearby stone to watch this engineering marvel.

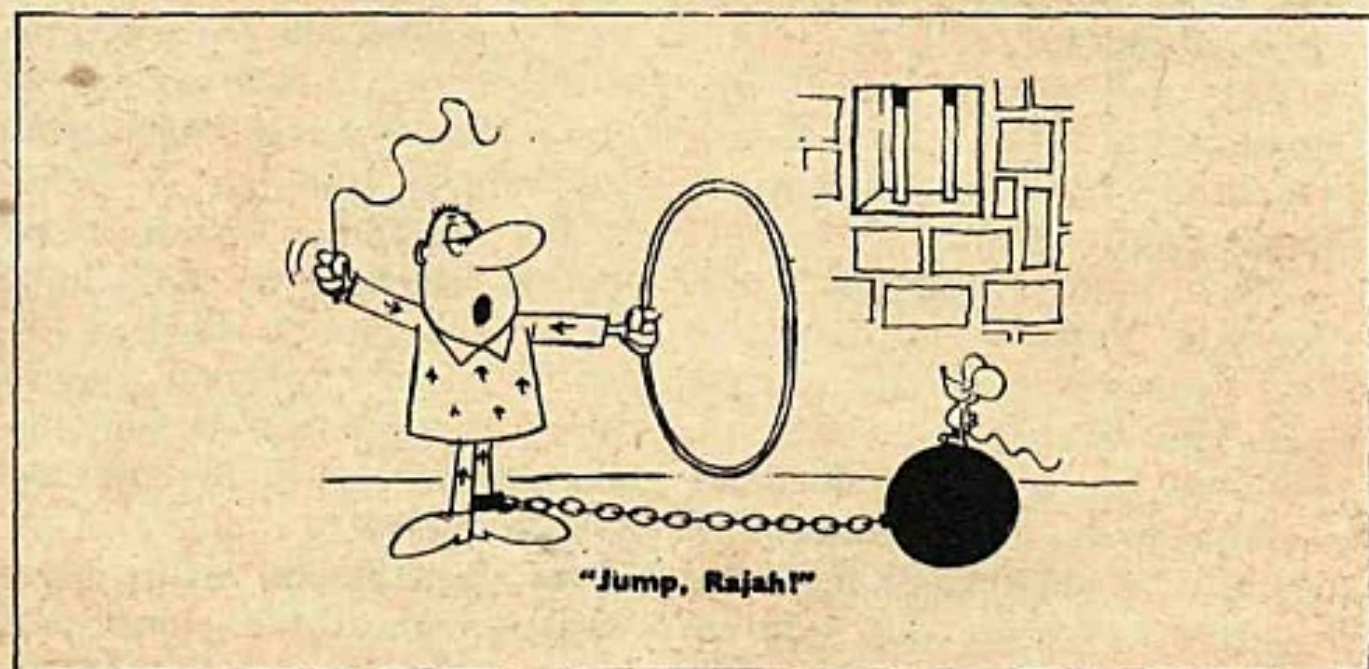
Meanwhile, an acquisitive villager saw the lovely ornate turban on the ground and decided that this must be a gift from the gods.

After the workmen had been pushing for over an hour, the headman decided to go and see how far they had moved the temple.

When he went to the back of the temple, he was flabbergasted to see that his turban was no longer to be seen.

Running back he shouted to the men. "Enough, you fools! You have pushed the temple back more than ten feet, and my beautiful turban is now under the temple!"

Needless to say, the water of the tank still laps against the walls of the temple.





BORN TO BE HAPPY

Long, long ago, there lived a King. He had everything a monarch could wish for. A large fruitful kingdom; a well-filled treasury; and a mighty army. But this king had one fault. He considered himself to be the happiest man in the world, and therefore no one else had the right to be happy too.

Sometimes the King would have his doubts on this score. But whenever he mentioned the matter to his council of ministers, they would readily assure him. "Your Majesty, no man, woman or child has been born, or will be born, who will be as happy as you."

Somehow the King was not convinced, so he decided he would find out for himself if his ministers were telling him the truth or not. So, disguising himself as a peasant, he wan-

dered through the towns and country side. But he had to admit that most people looked worried and sad. Certainly he never saw anyone as happy as himself.

Nearing the end of his wanderings, the King came to a small village, nestled by the side of a mountain. As he walked through the village, he was surprised to hear music and singing in one of the huts.

Peering inside, he saw a youth playing on an instrument and singing merrily away. When the youth looked up and saw the stranger, he invited him to come in.

"You seem to be very happy. Tell me why?" asked the King, hoping the youth would confess to a lot of worries.

"I am as happy as the day is long," replied the youth with a laugh. "Why should I have a



care. I am Anand the tinker. I earn sufficient for my needs, and have no ties or debts. I am as free as a bird."

The King saw at once that this happy youth had far too much freedom. So hurrying back to his palace, the King ordered that henceforth no tinkers were allowed to work on their own, and would become servants of the King.

As our musical tinker had no wish to work for any king, he wandered around looking for some type of work whereby he could still be his own master.

He came across an elderly

man who was finding it difficult to chop wood, as the axe was nearly as big as himself.

"Let me cut the wood for you," said Anand, taking the axe from the man, who was only too pleased to be relieved of the task.

The wood did not take long to chop, and Anand was pleasantly surprised with the amount the man paid him. This was the answer. From now onwards, he decided to be a wood cutter and be free from all cares.

Now the King thought that as all tinkers were now his servants, that singing youth would not be quite so happy. So donning his disguise as a peasant, he took another trip to the youth's village. But when he arrived, he was flabbergasted to find the youth singing away as merrily as before.

"I thought you would now be working as a servant at the palace," said the King.

"Not me," replied Anand, with a broad grin. "When the King stopped us wandering tinkers, I became a wood cutter, which pays just as well."

The King returned to his palace, more determined than ever to curb this youth's happi-



ness. The following morning, Anand was awakened by two of the King's officers, who announced that he had been appointed a soldier of the guard.

"I do not want to be a soldier," said the hapless Anand. "I much prefer to be a simple wood cutter."

One of the officers gave Anand a prod in the chest with the hilt of his sword. "You will come with us to the palace, and be a soldier whether you like it or not."

So the next day, here was Anand all dressed up in the colourful uniform of the King's

guard, with a big sword dangling at his side. But his high spirits soon overcame this tedious occupation. The only trouble was the King never remembered to pay his soldiers.

This was not at all to Anand's liking, and the next day, having no money to buy food, he sold his sword for a goodly price, and got a carpenter to make him a wooden sword to fit his scabbard.

But trouble was brewing. The King received reports that the youth had been caught singing whilst on guard duty! At first the King was at a loss for



words, then he had a grand idea. He would make the youth the executioner. Now, that was a gruesome task to wipe the smile off his face.

The first unfortunate to be dragged before the King for some petty crime, was promptly sentenced to be beheaded, and Anand was sent for to carry out the awesome deed.

Poor Anand was in a miserable plight. He had no desire to kill anyone. Turning to the King, he stammered. "Your Majesty, I cannot behead this man. Let someone else do it."

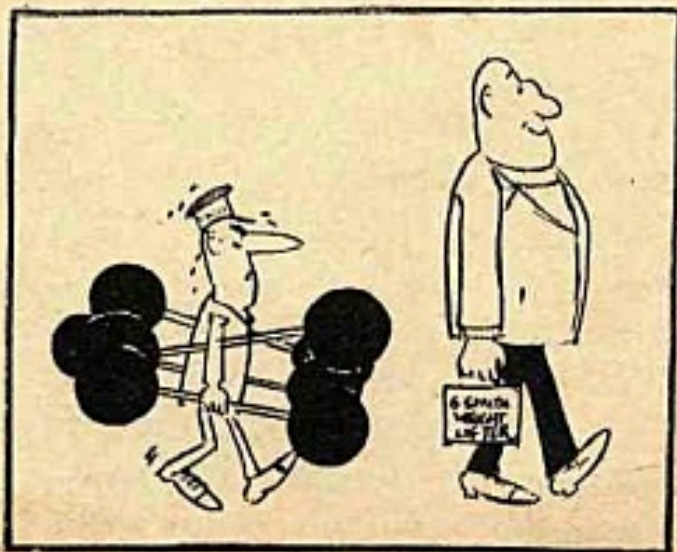
The King jumped up from

his throne in a rage. "You will behead the prisoner at once, otherwise you will also lose your head."

But Anand was not to be outdone by this reckless King. Raising his arms, he solemnly declared, "If this man is innocent, may the gods change my deadly sword to harmless wood." With that he drew his sword, and to the amazement of everyone, it was wood!

At first there was a deathly silence, then someone took up the cry. "It is a miracle. The sword has been changed to wood. The prisoner is innocent, so set him free!"

The King realised that the youth was far too clever for him, so he quietly had Anand banished from the kingdom. Anand was glad to go. Glad to get away from such a despot of a king.



HISTORY—

Cricket 6

NOWADAYS, cricket bats are always made of willow and the handles are made of pieces of cane with rubber between them.

The width of a man's cricket bat is fixed at 4½ in. The weight, however, may vary slightly. It can be anything from 2 lb. 2 oz. to 2 lb. 8 oz. Boys' cricket bats are slightly less heavy and slightly less wide.

The length of a cricket bat is also variable. A very tall man will use a fairly long bat, a shorter man will have one of a length reduced accordingly.

The width of a cricket bat has been fixed since 1774. Apparently, a cricketer called White of Reigate appeared on the field with a bat wider than the wicket itself. This was thought to give him an unfair advantage and the width was fixed at 4½ in. as a result.

HISTORY—

Cricket 8

ONE of the greatest of all English batsmen was undoubtedly John Berry Hobbs (Jack Hobbs).

He was a member of the Surrey team until 1934 and, during that time, scored 43,000 runs (including 139 centuries).

He made his highest score in 1926 at Lord's when he scored 316 not out.

He played many times for England, both in this country and abroad, and the total number of runs scored by him reached over 60,000. His total number of centuries in first class cricket was 197.

Besides being an exceptional bat, he was also an outstanding fieldsman, particularly at cover point.

He was knighted in 1953 and wrote books about his cricket experiences.

Sir John Berry Hobbs died in 1963.

HISTORY—

Cricket 5

ALTHOUGH comparatively little is known about very early cricket bats, it is believed that they were probably just the shaped branches of trees.

Early 18th century bats were certainly longer than those used today and also heavier. The end of such a bat was curved so that it resembled a rather unwieldy hockey stick. Later in the same century, however, curved bats became impractical and the straight bat came into existence, eventually becoming "shouldered".

Early in the 19th century, bats were more or less the same thickness throughout their length and, until the 1850s, they were made without separate handles.

The picture shows from left to right, bats of 1743, 1792, 1800, 1827 and the present day.

HISTORY—

Cricket 7

THE picture at the top on the other side of this index card shows Frederick Robert Spofforth. The picture at the bottom shows the way he held the ball when bowling.

Spofforth was born on 9th September, 1853, in Balmain, Sydney, Australia. He played for New South Wales and Victoria and also for Australia.

In 1878, the Australians made their first tour of England and, on 27th May of that year, England was virtually wiped out by the bowling of Spofforth. In the first innings, he took six wickets for four runs. In the second innings, he took four wickets for 16 runs.

Originally, Spofforth was a fast bowler but he later became a fast medium bowler.

In test matches, he took a total of 94 wickets for 1,731 runs.

HISTORY—

Cricket 5



HISTORY—

Cricket 6



HISTORY—

Cricket 7



HISTORY—

Cricket 8



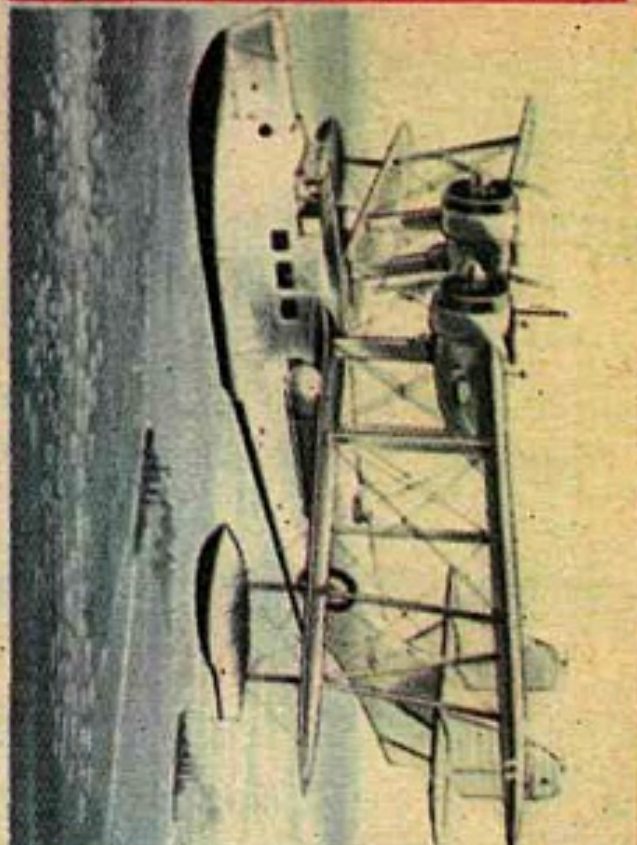
SCIENCE—

Lockheed Lightning P-38 L



SCIENCE—

Supermarine 'Stranraer'



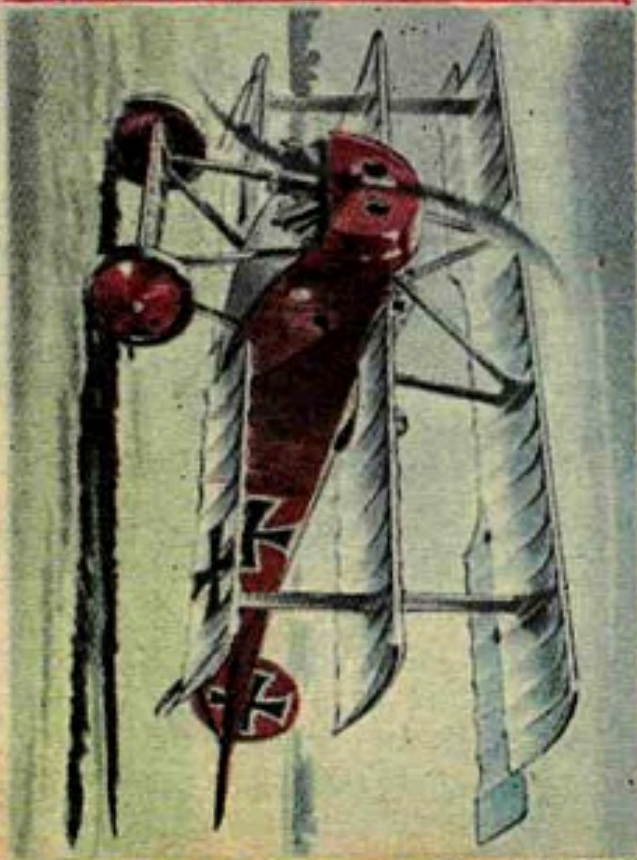
SCIENCE—

Hawker 'Osprey'



SCIENCE—

Fokker DR. I



SCIENCE—

Supermarine 'Stranraer'

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows a Supermarine "Stranraer".

The Supermarine "Stranraer" was a biplane flying-boat and was designed by R.J. Mitchell (the designer of the Spitfire).

It was originally called the Southampton V but received its name "Stranraer" in 1935.

Production "Stranraers" had Fairey-Reed three-blade metal airscrews and Pegasus X engines.

The wing area of a "Stranraer" was 1,457 sq. ft. The height was 21 ft 9 in. and the length was 54 ft 10 in. The weight empty was 11,250 lb. and loaded 19,000 lb.

The maximum speed of the "Stranraer" was 165 m.p.h. 6,000 ft. and its range was 1,000 miles.

SCIENCE—

Fokker Dr. I

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows a Fokker Dr. I

The Fokker Dr. I was a German triplane of the last year of the 1914-18 war.

At the beginning, the Fokker Dr. I triplanes were frequently in trouble. Lt. Heinrich Gontermann was killed in October, 1917, when his triplane crashed. The following day, another German pilot, Lt. Pastor, was also killed and, as a result, all Fokker Dr. I triplanes were grounded for a while.

The faults, however, were found to be due to bad production owing to the speed with which the work had been completed.

After the 1914-18 war, British and American pilots tested Fokker Dr. I triplanes and found them extremely easy to handle.

SCIENCE—

Lockheed Lightning P-38 L

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows a Lockheed Lightning P. 38 L.

This was the final version of the Lightning and was still in production in 1945.

It carried a bomb load of 4,000 lb. and could operate over very long distances. It was also capable of very good performances against fighter aeroplanes of half its weight.

There were a number of Lockheed Lightning P.38 aeroplanes, bearing code letters from A to L. They were all basically the same, except that slight modifications and changes were made over the years.

The Lockheed Lightning P. 38 J was the machine flown by the famous American air ace, Major Richard Bong.

SCIENCE—

Hawker 'Osprey'

THE Hawker "Osprey" was an adaptation of the Hawker Hart and was used as a Fleet spotter and reconnaissance aeroplane by the Fleet Air Arm.

It was constructed mainly of stainless steel and the fuselage was also fabric-covered.

The wing span of the "Osprey" was 37 ft. and the maximum speed achieved was around 175 m.p.h.

It could be used either as a land aeroplane or as a seaplane since the metal floats could be changed for an undercarriage when required.

For ease of carrying on board ship, the wings folded, so taking up less room.

The "Osprey" was a two-seater aeroplane and at cruising speed at 10,000 ft. had an endurance of 2½ hours.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

(Say it like this . . . Monk-how-sen)

Last month, if you remember, I said I would tell you of my adventures at sea. Some of them were just as wonderful as those on land and I must tell you about one of the most exciting of them, which began at the Dutch port of Amsterdam.

We set sail on a bright, sunny

day with a good North wind behind us to carry the ship Southwards past the Cape of Good Hope (which, as you know, is one end of South Africa) and then the wind very kindly changed to West, which suited the captain, for he was heading across the Indian Ocean towards the island of Ceylon.

The voyage went on in a pleasing way for several days and was not marked by any unusual happening, apart from a dreadful storm. It burst upon us as we were heading for a small island, where we hoped to get fresh water and food.

The wind blew with such force that it tore up a number of huge trees on the island and carried them high into the sky, where they appeared no bigger than the little feathers one sees at times floating in the air.

However, as soon as the storm died down, each tree fell back exactly into its own place and



at once took root again, so that there remained no trace of any damage. You might think that this was a marvellous thing to happen, and so it was—but during that time I noticed something even more wonderful.

One of the big trees went shooting up into the air, taking with it an old couple, a husband and wife, who were so busy picking the ripe cucumbers from its branches that they seemed to take no notice of their flight. By the time they had returned to the ground

again, they had picked four basketfuls of cucumbers and so were very pleased that their time had not been wasted.

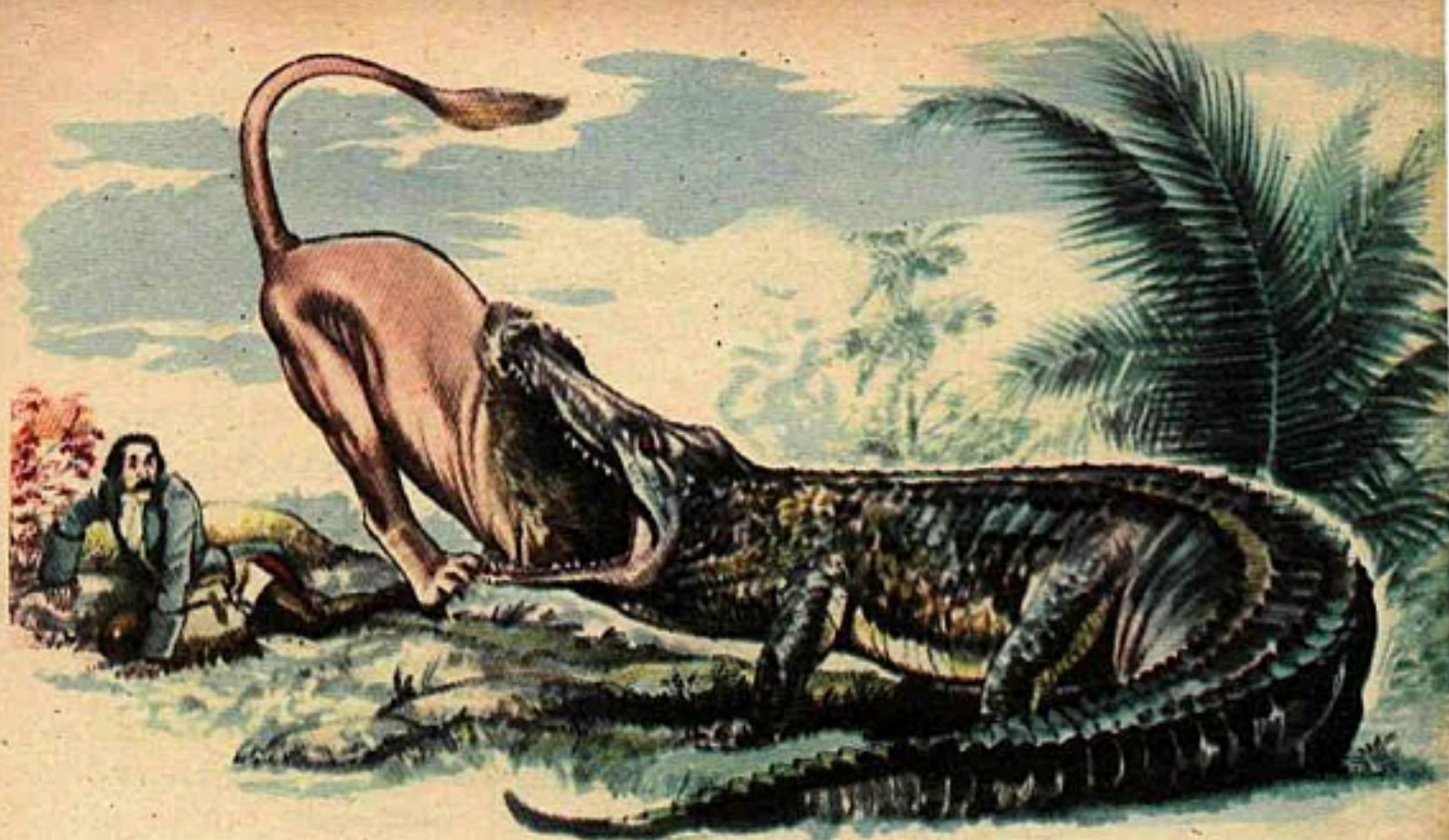
Sailing on from this cucumber-tree island, we had a favourable wind and at the end of six weeks we arrived in Ceylon.

When we had been there about two weeks, the governor of Ceylon asked me to go hunting with him—an offer which I took with all my heart.

My friend the governor was strong and used to the heat of the island, whilst I felt so overcome by it that when we reached the forest, I was a long way behind him.

I was thinking about sitting down to rest on the bank of a stream, when all of a sudden I heard a loud noise behind me. I turned and looked, and you





can imagine that I felt as though rooted to the spot with terror, when I saw a huge lion coming towards me, giving me to understand that he was very anxious to have breakfast—and that the breakfast would be me!

Although my gun was only loaded with small shot, and could not do much hurt to the lion, I decided to fire at him in the hope of frightening him off. But while I was taking aim, the huge beast became furious and sprang at me. I turned and fled.

I still shudder when I recall what I saw next. There, a few steps in front of me lay an enormous and hungry crocodile,

already opening his jaws wide to swallow me.

You can picture to yourselves the terrible trouble I was in. Behind me was the lion and in front of me was the crocodile. What could I do?

There seemed to be no escape at all. I was so startled that I tripped over my own feet and fell to the ground.

I lay there, wondering whether the lion or the crocodile would reach me first. Hearing a loud roaring, and then a swishing sound, I kept quite still.

Then after a few seconds had passed, I heard another strange



sound, a bit like the chuffing noise of a steam train entering a tunnel. Feeling no pain, or any kind of hurt, I raised my head gently

What I saw caused me to blink with surprise. The lion, in making a great leap at me, had passed right over me, as I fell to the ground, and had continued its flight through the air, until it was carried straight into the open jaws of the crocodile!

So that was the end of the lion, and also it was the end of the giant crocodile, for it swallowed this unexpected meal, then gave a sigh and rolled on its back.

It had died from a sudden attack of over-eating.

A few minutes later, my friend the governor arrived on the scene, uneasy at my absence. He found me safe and sound standing proudly beside the biggest crocodile ever seen in Ceylon.

"Bravo, Baron," he said. "They told me you are a huntsman out of the ordinary, but I never expected such a thing as this."

We measured the crocodile. Believe it or not, it was forty-seven feet seven inches in length.



THE OWL AND THE CROW

The God of Creation, Brahma, at the beginning of the world, called before him all the animals on the land, all the fish in the sea, and all the birds. Then he announced, "You must now choose your rulers, so that you live peacefully and happily."

The animals immediately chose the lion to be their king. The fish decided that the whale should be their ruler.

But the birds just could not agree among themselves as to who should be their ruler.

They had met for the hundredth time, and then an aged goose proposed that the owl be elected their king.

Before anyone could second the proposal, the crow flapped his wings and cried angrily, "I oppose it. The owl is unfit to be our king."

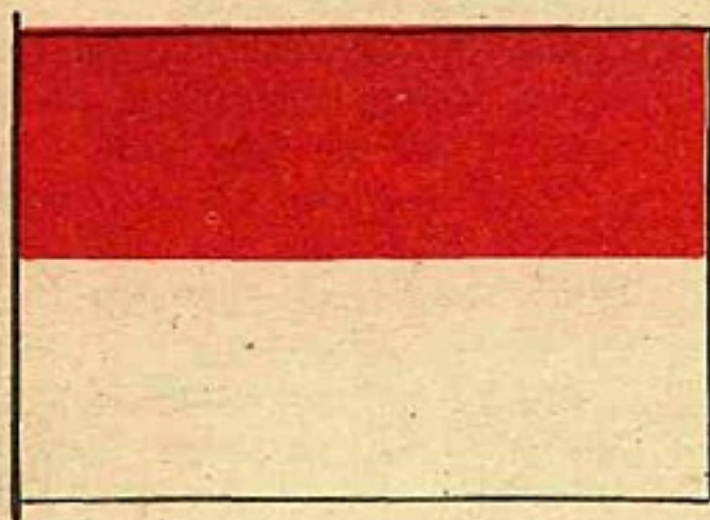
The owl hooted back, "Give your reasons, you upstart."

"First," shouted the crow, "you are a bird of ill omen. Secondly, you are unfit to become our king, because a king must be kind and cheerful. But you are ugly and cruel. No bird would ever be happy with you as the ruler."

With this, the owl mad with anger, flew at the crow. But the cunning old crow, soon hopped out of his way, and with a loud caw, caw, flew off with the owl in hot pursuit.

The meeting broke up in confusion, without a king being chosen. But from that day, the owls and crows became sworn enemies.

WHAT ARE THESE FLAGS?



This simple design has been adopted by two countries—Monaco, the little European land ruled by Prince Rainier III; and Indonesia, the big Asian republic. It has served Monaco for hundreds of years, but it has been flown as the National flag of the Republic of the United States of Indonesia for less than twenty.

Here is the National and the Merchant flag of Austria; it was adopted when the First World War ended in 1918 and the country became a republic. The red and white stripe design is said to have been due to the bravery of a 12th century duke named Leopold. During a battle his white coat became so stained with blood that the only part of it not affected was where his sword belt had been, and this left a white band.



This is the Merchant flag of Venezuela, a big country of South America. (Venezuela means "Little Venice," the name Columbus gave it when he looked on the native settlements built on piles at the mouth of Lake Maracaibo.) Ruled by Spain for some 200 years, the land became independent in 1830.



WHY THE SERVANT CRIED

A long, long time ago, there was a king who was a cruel tyrant. He was hated by his people and dreaded by his servants. When he eventually died, the whole kingdom heaved a sigh of relief. Everywhere the people danced and sang, for their tyrant monarch would be succeeded by his son, who was both noble and kind.

On the day of the coronation, and as the new king was setting out in the procession through the palace gates, he noticed that one of his servants was in tears.

Stopping, the King asked the servant, "My good fellow, why

is it, on this happy occasion, when everyone else is rejoicing, you are sad? Is it possible that you grieve the death of the late king?"

"It is not that, your Majesty", replied the man, wiping his tears. "Whenever the old king came out of the palace, he would always beat me with his walking stick for no reason at all. I am frightened, that wherever the old king has gone, they may not want to keep him, and may send him back."

Everyone, including the King, burst out laughing at the servant's cause of grief.

STORY FROM FINLAND

MARYA AND

Once there lived a merchant, who had one little daughter. She was always known as Pretty Marya, for she was so graceful and beautiful.

When Marya was quite small, her mother fell ill and feeling that she was dying, she gave her daughter a small doll.

"Guard it carefully and show it to no one," the mother said. "It will protect and help you."

The merchant was very lonely when his wife died and he thought that for the sake of little Marya he should get married again.

Finally, he decided to marry a widow who had two daughters of her own. The widow seemed to like little Marya, but once she was married things were quite different.

It soon seemed that nothing Marya did could please the new stepmother, or her two daughters. They became more and more spiteful and unkind to



THE MAGIC DOLL

poor little Marya and made her work hard at the household tasks.

When Marya was very unhappy, she would go to her room and tell her troubles to the little doll. The doll looked after her and protected her, as her mother had said.

When the work was too hard, or too heavy, the doll would tell Marya to go to sleep. When she woke up, next morning, the work would all be done.

Marya grew up more and more kind and beautiful, while her two stepsisters grew more and more bad-tempered and ugly.

One day, the merchant set out on a long journey. While he was away, the stepmother rented a small house for herself and the three girls. It was on the edge of a deep, dark wood, in which lived a terrible old witch.

As usual, Marya had to work very hard but she did it all

without complaining, only telling her little doll when she was very unhappy.

One evening, the stepmother called the three girls and gave each of them a job to do. One had to make lace, the other was given some knitting and Marya had to spin flax into thread.

They worked at their tasks by the light of a candle. In the fireplace, the fire burnt lower and lower and finally went out. Then the candle began to smoke. One of the stepsisters took a pair of scissors, to trim the wick, but she trimmed it clumsily, on purpose and put out the flame.

"What am I to do now?" complained the girl who was making lace. "I need light to see what I am doing."

"I need light to see my knitting needles," said the other sister, spitefully. "As the fire has gone out and we have no



A white horseman galloped past on a white horse.

way of lighting the candle, Marya will have to go and ask the old witch for a flame and bring it back."

Marya trembled with fear, for the witch was said to be very terrible. The two jealous stepsisters smiled secretly to themselves, for they were sure she

would never return and they would be rid of the lovely Marya at last.

In her bedroom, Marya told her troubles to the doll. "Do not be afraid," said the doll. "Only take me with you and you will come to no harm."

With the doll tucked in her

apron, Marya set off through the dark wood. It was night and she felt very frightened.

After what seemed a long time, a man dressed all in white and riding a white horse passed her and then the sky grew lighter as the dawn came.

Soon afterwards, a man dressed in red galloped past on a red horse and soon the sun began to rise behind the trees.

All through the day Marya walked, until at last she came to the witch's cottage. As she approached, a black horseman rode swiftly by, on a black horse. Night fell as Marya entered the cottage to ask the witch for some fire.

"I will let you have it if you complete some tasks for me," she replied.

Then she told Marya that the paths must be swept, the rooms dusted, the breakfast prepared, the washing done and seven million grains of wheat, which were mixed with seven million grains of millet must be separated into two piles.

"If you have finished by morning, all well and good," said the witch. "If not, I shall eat you." Then she left Marya some thin cabbage soup and hard bread for her supper.

As usual, Marya shared her poor meal with the doll. Then the doll told her to forget and go to sleep. When Marya woke next morning, all the tasks had been completed.

The witch was very pleased. She seated herself at the table and Marya served breakfast to her in silence.



"Are you dumb?" asked the witch.

"No," replied Marya. "I would like to ask you something."

"Ask then," said the witch and Marya wanted to know who the three horsemen were, whom she had seen in the wood.

The witch was pleased with the question, for she had expected Marya to be very inquisitive and ask about her magic or her spells, as other people always did.

She explained that the three were the clear Dawn, the red Sun and the black Night. "In return, tell me how you managed to complete all the tasks so quickly," she said.

Marya remembered her mother's warning, to tell no one about the doll, so she replied, "My mother's blessing helped me."

The witch turned pale. "Go at once," she said, shoving Marya out of the door. "Children who have been blessed are not welcome here." She thrust a burning brand into Marya's hand and sent her off home.

Marya made her way back through the forest to the little

cottage, guarding the burning brand carefully and the doll saw to it that the flame did not go out.

The two stepsisters were surprised to see her, for they thought that the witch would surely have eaten her by now. They took the burning brand from her, without any thanks and lit the candle.

Marya took up her work again. When her piece of linen was finished it was so fine and so beautifully embroidered that an old woman in the nearby town bought it at once. She took it to the Royal Palace where everyone admired it so much that Marya was sent for and asked to make a coat for the king.

The king was delighted with his new coat. He sent for Marya to thank her. To his surprise she was young and beautiful. He fell in love with her at once and they were quickly married.

When Marya's stepmother and stepsisters heard of her marriage, they exploded with rage and jealousy. The merchant, returning from his long journey, found that they had all disappeared and was delighted to be rid of his bad-

tempered wife.

He went to live with Marya in the Royal Palace and he lived happily to a ripe old age.

The little doll which had guarded Marya so carefully

went with her too and she kept it until the end of her life in a beautiful velvet box which she had made for it, but she never told anyone about the doll, for she always remembered her mother's instructions.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the April issue



★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words but the two captions should be related to each other.

★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.

★ Entries must be received before

28th February, otherwise they cannot be considered.

★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with your age, and sent to:

Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in December Issue

The prize is awarded to

Mr. C. S. Sreenathan,
21 Kumarswamy Koil Street,
Tiruppattur (N. A. Dt.)

Winning entry — 'Friendly Touch' — 'Touching Love'



Stories from

MAHABHARATA

The story so far:

King Dhritarashtra, the blind King of the Kuru kingdom, and his sons, plotted to kill the late King Pandu's sons, and their mother, Kunti, by setting fire to the house where they were staying. Thanks to the help of Vidura, the wise counsellor, they escaped and lived for several years as brahmins.

In course of time they heard of the approaching celebration of the marriage of Draupadi, princess of Panchala. All the monarchs of Northern India were invited, and the bride would choose her husband from among the assembled kings according

to the ancient Swayamvara custom.

At this ceremony Arjuna won the hand of the bride Draupadi, who became the common wife of the five Pandava princes.

The Kingdom of Indraprastha

When the news of what took place at the Swayamvara reached Hastinapura, Vidura was overjoyed. He immediately went to King Dhritarashtra and said, "O King, our stars are strong because the daughter of King Drupada is now our daughter-in-law."

The King, in his befuddled thinking, assumed that it was



**Duryodhana gives vent
to his hatred**

his son Duryodhana who had won the hand of Princess Draupadi. Turning to Vidura, he cried. "You must go at once and bring Draupadi to Hastinapura, so that we can all celebrate my son's happiness."

"No, your Majesty," said the jubilant Vidura. "The Pandava princes and Kunti escaped from that awful fire, and it was Arjuna who has won Draupadi. And now the Pandavas are well and happy under the care of King Drupada."

This was a sad blow for the King and he did his best to conceal his anguish. "I am

indeed glad to hear that the Pandavas are really alive. This is wonderful news, and we must invite them back to Hastinapura, together with our new daughter-in-law."

But Duryodhana's hatred and jealousy were uncontrollable when he learnt that the Pandavas had managed to escape from his house of wax, and were now even more to be feared, with the alliance of the powerful King of Panchala.

He and Karna stormed into the King's chamber and Duryodhana, without mincing words, shouted, "These accursed Pandavas are now stronger than ever. They must be aware that we tried to murder them at Varanasi, so either we destroy them now, or we ourselves will perish."

"True, my son," replied the King. "Our position is certainly desperate. But how do you propose we rid ourselves of the Pandavas?"

Duryodhana shook his head. "I really do not know. But perhaps we can take advantage that the Pandava princes are not born of the same mother and create enmity between them. Or better still, can we not bribe the King of Panchala

to become our ally?"

Karna standing there, just smiled and said, "This is but futile talk."

Duryodhana glared at Karna. "Have you a better plan to offer?"

"Your proposals are no good," replied Karna. "When the Pandavas were here, your attempts to drown Bhima, and murder them at Varanasi proved useless. Now the Pandavas will be hard to deceive. Therefore, there is only one answer left to us. It must be war! We must make a surprise attack on them and King Drupada, before Krishna can join them with his Yadava army."

The King could not make up his mind at such a bold step, so he sent for Bhishma, Vidura and Drona, to get their opinions.

When Bhishma was told that Karna had suggested open warfare, he was horrified. "This is evil advice, and evil has a way of not only destroying itself, but others too. The proper course will be to welcome the Pandavas back and give them half the kingdom. This is the only way to dispel all the loose talk and suspicion of



Bhishma and Drona oppose the evil plan suggested by Karna.

what occurred at Varanasi, and to maintain the dignity of our family. This is my advice."

Drona, without hesitation, gave the same counsel and suggested sending a suitable envoy to Panchala to bring about an amicable settlement and establish peace.

Listening to all this, Karna completely lost his temper. "This is the talk of cowards. I am surprised that Drona, who has received such power and wealth in this kingdom, should be frightened of the Pandavas."

Drona, his eyes blazing with anger, turned on Karna.



Vidura advises King Dhritarashtra.

“You speak like a child. If the King does not do what Bhishma and myself have advised, the Kauravas will certainly meet with destruction.”

At this Dhritarashtra appealed to Vidura for his opinion.

“O King,” solemnly declared Vidura. “The advice given by Bhishma and Drona is wise and just. It is true that Drupada and his son as well as Krishna, and the Yadavas, are staunch allies of the Pandavas, and it would be impossible to beat them in battle. Remember also, that there is talk that we

tried to kill the Pandavas at Varanasi, and the people will not stand for further injustice to the Pandavas. So be wise, and follow Bhishma’s advice.”

In the end, and to Duryodhana and Karna’s dismay, the King determined to establish peace by giving half his kingdom to the sons of Pandu, and he entrusted Vidura to go immediately to Panchala and bring the Pandavas and Draupadi to Hastinapura.

Vidura lost no time in going to Panchala, taking with him jewels and many costly gifts. After paying due honour to King Drupada, Vidura requested him, on behalf of Dhritarashtra, to send the Pandavas to Hastinapura.

Drupada who mistrusted Dhritarashtra merely said the Pandavas could do as they pleased.

When Vidura later met Kunti, she said, “I am suspicious of Dhritarashtra’s intentions, but you saved our lives at Varanasi, so we shall do as you advise.”

“Fear nothing,” said Vidura. “Your children will never meet with destruction. For they will inherit a great kingdom and acquire renown far and wide.”



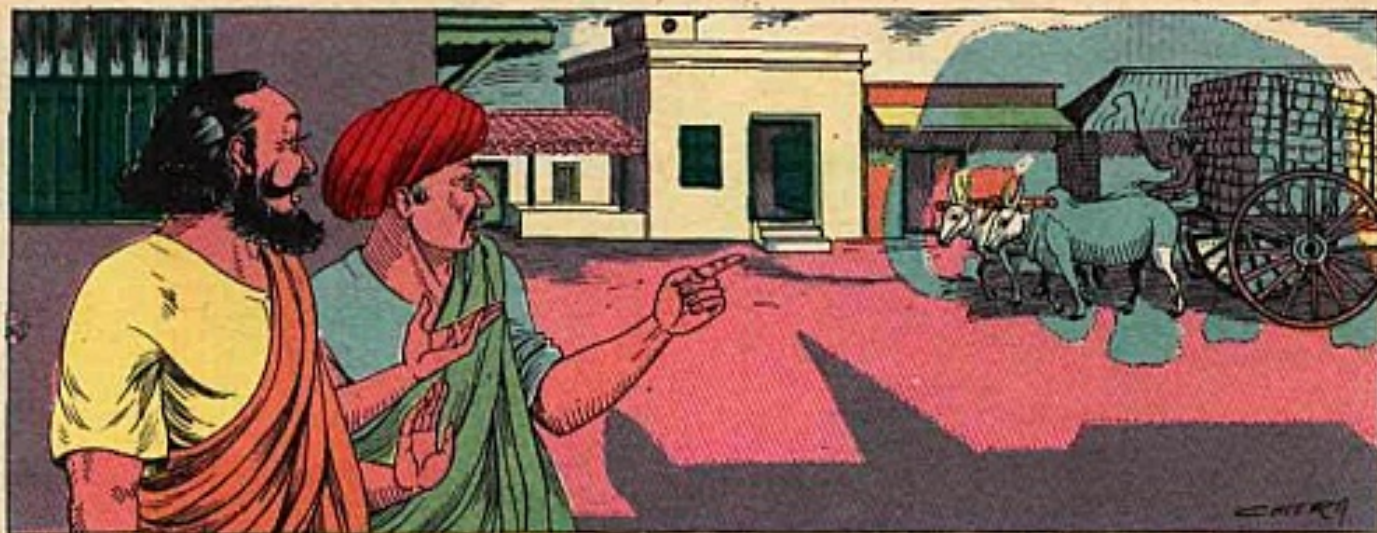
Krishna visits Hastinapura with the Pandava Princes.

And so Vidura returned to Hastinapura accompanied by the Pandavas, Kunti and Draupadi. In jubilant welcome to their beloved princes, who were returning home after many years, the streets of the city were strewn with flowers and thronged with crowds.

In accordance with Dhritarashtra's decree, the Kuru kingdom was accordingly divided. King Dhritarashtra and his sons retained the eastern and richer

portion with its ancient capital Hastinapura on the Ganga. Yudhishtira, the eldest of the Pandava princes, was crowned king of the western portion of the kingdom, which was then a forest and a wilderness on the river Jumna.

The sons of Pandu cleared the forests, and the ruins of the ancient city of Khandavaprastha, and built palaces and forts, for a new capital, which they named Indraprastha.



THE TROUBLESOME HEAD

In ancient Bundlekand, there lived a nobleman named Diwan Sahib, who considered it beneath his dignity to do a stroke of work. Naturally, he liked to live well and enjoy all the good things in life. But as his wealth was not unlimited, he resorted to devious ways of making other people pay for his keep.

One evening Diwan Sahib stopped the village money lender, and pointing up the road said, "You see that elephant coming towards us? Well, my father had a bigger one which he rode in state during the Dussera festivities."

The money lender was not at all impressed. "Your eyesight must be failing. That is merely a bullock cart you can see."

"What will you bet?" demanded the Diwan Sahib. "I say it is an elephant and not a bullock cart."

"Alright your Honour, it is an elephant," declared the money lender, anxious to get rid of this troublesome bore.

But the Diwan Sahib was not going to be put off so easily. "We will settle this wager right now. If I am wrong, you shall have my head. But if I am right, I shall have your head!"

The money lender realised it was hopeless to argue, so when the bullock cart came close, he turned to the Diwan Sahib. "Now you can see that it is a bullock cart, so goodnight to you."

As he tried to hasten away, the Diwan Sahib caught him by the arm, and drawing his



sword commanded, "Sir, you must now cut off my head."

The money lender's jaw fell in astonishment. "Be reasonable, why should I cut off your head?"

With this he tried to get away, but the Diwan Sahib held him firmly, shouting. "Do not you know that men of my noble descent never break their word. So you have to cut off my head."

By now a crowd had gathered, and the two men were taken before the local magistrate, who, having heard each man's story, gave his judgement. "In accordance with the wager, the Diwan Sahib's head belongs to the money lender. But the Diwan

Sahib cannot insist on his head being cut off at once. The money lender can do so whenever he pleases."

"Then at least," demanded the Diwan Sahib, "Let the upkeep of my head be the responsibility of the money lender who owns it."

To the unfortunate money lender the upkeep of the Diwan Sahib's head became a most expensive affair. Such were the extravagant demands for the finest foods the money lender could see that his money was fast dwindling. But how to get rid of this costly menace? Then one day, an old friend gave the money lender some good advice.

The next day, a man was heard shouting outside the

money lender's house. It sounded as though he was shouting "I buy ears and noses."

The money lender, followed by Diwan Sahib, rushed outside, and asked the man what was he shouting.

"Gentlemen," the man replied "I buy men's noses and ears."

"What price do you give?" asked the money lender.

"That depends on the rank of the person to whom they belong."

Pointing to the Diwan Sahib, the money lender asked the man "Here is a gentleman of noble birth. His head belongs to me. So what will you give me for his nose and ears?"

"Five hundred and five rupees," promptly said the man.

"It is a bargain," exclaimed the money lender. "Where is

your knife?"

As the man took out a big sharp knife, the Diwan Sahib, shivering with fright yelled. "It is an outrage! Call the guard. I am being murdered."

Finally the two men were again haunted before the magistrate, who found it difficult to hide his smile when he heard the story. Looking solemnly at the Diwan Sahib, he pronounced, "As the money lender owns your head, he has the right to sell your nose and ears. But if you object, you must repay to the money lender the cost of the upkeep of your head plus a fair interest."

The Diwan Sahib had no alternative but to sell every single thing he possessed in order to repay the money lender. He was now a poor man and was glad to seek work in order to live.





THE PRICELESS TURKEY

New Year's day was fast approaching, and Yogesh's wife decided that they would have roast turkey on that day, so Yogesh was sent off to buy a nice turkey.

Yogesh went to the farm of Rakha, a rich land-owner, who bred turkeys. Rakha himself selected for Yogesh a nice plump bird. But when Yogesh went to pay for the turkey, Rakha shrugged him off and told him he could pay some other time. Yogesh was rather pleased at this, because he had a number of bills to pay before the New Year, and he considered Rakha was extremely generous to give him credit without asking.

Come New Year's day, Yogesh and his family thoroughly enjoyed the turkey. A

few days later, Yogesh went to Rakha and said that he would like to pay for the turkey. Rakha told him to come back some other time, as he was far too busy that day to make up the account.

"But what account do you have to make up?" asked Yogesh. "All I have to pay for is one turkey."

"I have just told you that I am busy, and have not the time to attend to your account. So come back later."

Yogesh was not too happy about this, and every week he called at Rakha's house to pay for the turkey, and each time Rakha sent him away, with one excuse or another.

At last, and it was months later, Rakha agreed to look into Yogesh's account. First



he brought out a big leather bound accounts book, and having turned over sundry pages, sat down and made countless calculations on a large sheet of paper. All the while poor Yogesh sat fidgeting and muttering at all this rigmarole just to pay for one turkey.

When all the unending calculations had been completed to Rakha's apparent satisfaction, he turned to Yogesh. "Here is your account and you owe me two hundred and seventy-five rupees, and seventy-one paise, but we can forget the paise."

Yogesh could hardly believe his ears. "You must be joking Rakha to even suggest that one turkey could cost so much money."

"I am certainly not joking," said Rakha. "If you disbelieve me, examine the account for yourself."

"It is ridiculous," shouted Yogesh. "The turkey you sold me was not made of gold!"

"Do not lose your temper," said Rakha, thrusting the account in Yogesh's face. "As I have not been paid for the turkey, I have had to reckon on how many eggs that turkey would have laid till to-day, and



how many young turkeys would have been hatched."

Poor Yogesh's head was in a turmoil with such figures. Finally he managed to blurt out, "I will not pay you anything until I have consulted our village magistrate."

So both Yogesh and Rakha went to the village magistrate's house, and Rakha showed the magistrate the accounts book and explained how he had arrived at the cost of the turkey.

The magistrate, who happened to be a friend of Rakha's, studied the account very closely and then solemnly declared,

"This account is in perfect order. In fact, Rakha has been very reasonable in only charging Rs. 15 for the turkey, when the market price should be Rs. 35. And the eggs are also reasonably priced. So I order that this account be paid within seven days."

Yogesh was very downhearted at such apparent injustice, so he went to his good friend Patel, who owned many acres of paddy fields, and told him the sad story of the priceless turkey.

Patel patted Yogesh on the shoulder. "Do not worry my



friend. Go to Rakha at once and tell him that you will appeal to the village elders, and that I will give evidence on your behalf."

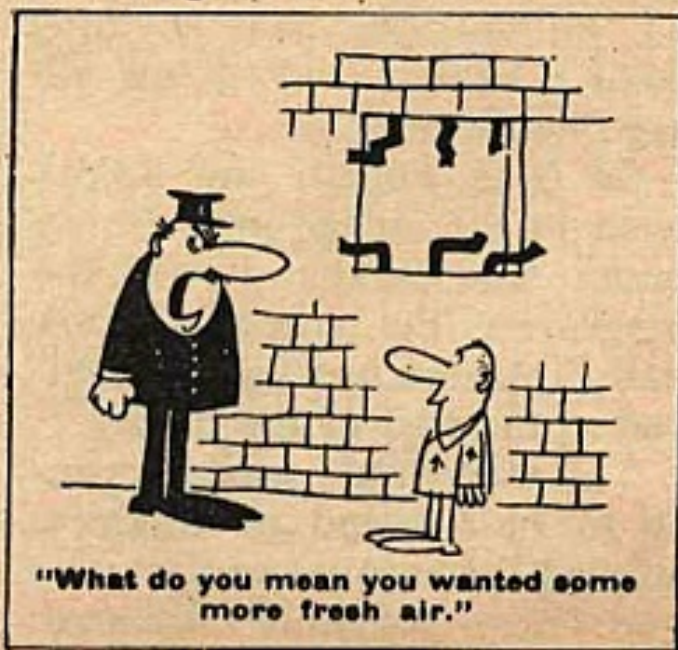
The next morning the village elders sat to hear the case, and practically the whole village was there, all except the key witness, Patel. The village elders started to grow impatient when Yogesh could not produce his witness, whilst Rakha could hardly express his enjoyment of Yogesh's discomfiture.

Then, just as the village elders were about to dismiss the case in Rakha's favour, Patel came hurriedly on the scene. "My apologies," he said breathlessly. "I was unfortunately delayed because I was arranging the sowing of my paddy fields, and the fire would not burn properly, so it took longer for the paddy to roast."

"You stupid man," said the eldest of the village elders. "You do not roast paddy before you sow it."

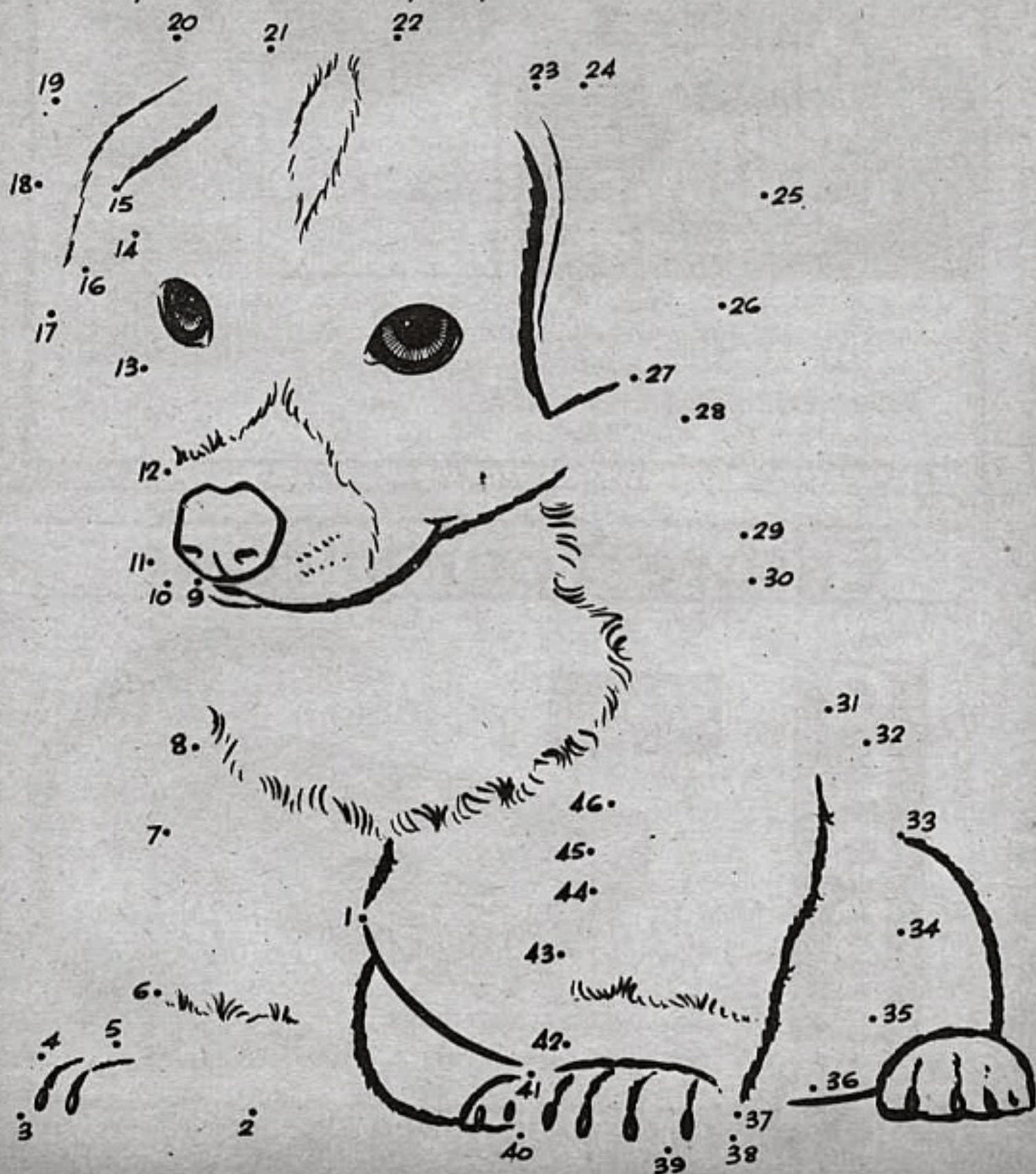
"Why not?" asked Patel. "If the turkey Yogesh bought and ate, can lay eggs and hatch young turkeys, why cannot my burnt paddy sprout?"

The village elders realised then how foolish they had been even to consider this case. At last Yogesh could smile.



Puzzle Time

Join up the dots from 1 to 46 to finish this picture of a puppy.
Why not colour it with your paints?



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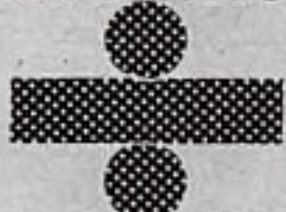


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